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The Nation's Grief.

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The Nation's Grief:

A FUNERAL ADDRESS,

BEFORE THE CITIZENS OF BURLINGTON,

AT THE REQUEST OF THE COMMON COUNCIL,

ON TUESDAY, 13 APRIL, 1841;

ON OCCASION OF THE DEATH

OF

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

BY

THE RT. REV. GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, DD., LL.D.,

BISHOP OF NEW JERSEY.

Burlington:
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M DCCC XLI.

O God, whose days are without end, and whose mercies cannot be numbered; make us, we beseech thee, deeply sensible of the shortness and uncertainty of human life; and let thy Holy Spirit lead us through this vale of misery, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of our lives: That, when we shall have served thee in our generation, we may be gathered unto our fathers, having the testimony of a good conscience; in the communion of the Catholic Church; in the confidence of a certain faith; in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope; in favour with thee our God, and in perfect charity with the world: All which we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

TESTIMONY OF RESPECT.

RESOLUTIONS.

The following are the proceedings of the Common Council of the City of Burlington, held at the City Hall, on the 9th instant, on receiving intelligence of the death of the President of the United States, General WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

WHEREAS, it has pleased the Supreme Arbiter of the destinies of nations, by an inscrutable dispensation of His unerring wisdom, to remove from his official duties, and from life, the Chief Magistrate of the United States; and Whereas, the high and responsible station which he occupied, (independent of his venerable age and long and distinguished services,) renders this event a national bereavement, which calls for a manifestation of feeling, in every section of our country, Therefore,

1. *Resolved*, That in this afflicting dispensation, it is our duty, as Christians, to bow in resignation to the Divine decree, and to acknowledge, with gratitude and adoration, the many blessings mercifully extended to us by the same Hand that has dealt the blow which now we mourn.

2. *Resolved*, That this event calls upon the people as members of the great republican family, laying all distinctions aside, to entertain and to evince deep feelings of respectful sorrow.

3. *Resolved*, That, as representatives of the citizens of Burlington, we sincerely sympathise with the afflicted family of our late venerable President, and that we feel ourselves partakers in their bereavement.

4. *Resolved*, That a person be appointed by this Board, to deliver before the inhabitants of Burlington, an appropriate Address, upon this solemn and mournful occasion. And that Messrs. Allen, Wetherill, and Burns, in connection with the Mayor, be a Committee to carry the last resolution into effect.

It was, on motion, Resolved, that the Committee last appointed be requested to invite Bishop Doane to deliver the Address, contemplated by the 4th Resolution.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Burlington, April 10, 1841.

Rt. Rev. G. W. Doane, D.D., LL.D.

Dear Sir—At a special meeting of the Council of the City of Burlington, convened at the Town Hall, on the 9th inst., for the purpose of expressing their sentiments, and sympathizing with their fellow citizens in the national calamity which has befallen our country, by the sudden and unexpected death of its Chief Magistrate, Gen. William Henry Harrison, the undersigned were appointed a Committee to confer with you on the subject, and to invite you to deliver an Address suitable to the occasion, and in commemoration of the virtues and character of one who has died "full of years and full of honors," at such time and place as may best suit your convenience.

We have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servants,

A. W. Burns,
Wm. R. Allen,
Samuel W. Earl,
Samuel R. Wetherill.

Riverside, Saturday morning, April 10, 1841.

Gentlemen—I have this moment received your very courteous note, requesting me, in behalf of the Council of the City of Burlington, to deliver an Address adapted to the solemn occasion, when the nation mourns the loss of its Chief Magistrate, and commemorative of his great virtues and distinguished services. Allow me to assure you of my deep and lively sympathy with my fellow citizens in this severe bereavement; and of my fervent prayer, that He who "doeth all things well," will make this national calamity a profitable lesson to us, as a people. Although my appointments are out, for a Visitation of a portion of my Diocese, I deem the occasion proper to recal them, for one day, that I may discharge the service to which the Council have been pleased to designate me. I accept the invitation; and propose the afternoon of Tuesday next, at 5 o'clock, for the time: leaving the place to be decided by the Council. It affords me sincere pleasure to serve at all times, and in any way, the community with whom I live; as it does to subscribe myself, Gentlemen, your faithful friend and servant,

G. W. Doane.

Messrs. Burns, Allen, Earl and Wetherill,
Committee of the Council.

ADDRESS.

It is a dark December day. A deep snow clothes the ground. A sharp and cutting sleet drives with the wind. Against the blinding storm, and through the deepening drifts, a youthful soldier, with his knapsack on his back, pursues his steadfast way. A stripling of nineteen, of slender frame, and feeble health, he is an Ensign in the army of America, with Washington's commission; and he marches, with his small detachment, on his first service. It was a patriot and a Christian duty. There are those before me who remember well, what, in my young days, was yet a nursery-word, at which the mother pressed her infant to her bosom, and children gathered closer to the fire—St. Clair's defeat. It was to that battle-field, to inter the bones of its six hundred slain, that our young Ensign hastened with his troop. And though it *was* a patriot and a Christian duty, how much more sternly than the fiercest onset of the heady fight, must that still forest field, the lowering sky, the howling wind, those gallant men butchered by savage hands, and all the recollections and forebodings of that most disastrous day, have tried the spirit of a youthful soldier, on his first campaign!

It was a chill November night, when a small army of Americans encamped themselves upon a point of

land, between the Wabash and a tributary stream. They were the gentlemen and yeomen of the country, who had enrolled themselves, under the territorial Governor, to defend their homes against the inroads of the hostile Indian tribes, and to chastise their insolence. A long and tedious march, through a most dreary wilderness, brings them at last to where their wily foes await them; and, on *their* proposition for a conference and treaty, hostilities are intermitted for a day. Slowly and cheerlessly the night wears off, within that guarded camp, with clouds and rain. But weary men *will* sleep, whatever may betide them; and now, for hours, no sound has stirred the stillness of the scene, save the lone sentry's guarded step. But what is that, which, through "the misty moonbeams' struggling light," is seen, not heard, as it glides through the prairie grass? Is it a snake that winds his stealthy way? No; but a subtler Indian: and in one instant he is dead! Another; and the savage yell starts every sleeper from his cold, damp couch, and death begins his work. And was this sleeping camp deceived, surprised, betrayed? Was their Commander faithless to his trust? No; every man had slept where he must fight, his clothes on, and his gun loaded. And he, while yet the night was young, sat by his tent-fire, till the hour should come to rouse his weary comrades. In a moment, he was mounted. Where the fight was hottest, there was he. A ball, with no commission for his life, flies through his hair. In vain his officers remonstrate with him for his fearless hazard of himself. He thinks of brave St. Clair, and of the gallant victims

of that fatal field. He thinks of wasted towns, and blazing homes, and mothers slaughtered with their infants. And the morning dawns not till the victory is won!

Along the banks of the Ohio, spreads a smiling farm. A plain and modest mansion rises from a sloping lawn. Its owner, having filled, with credit to himself, and honour to his country, almost every station but the first—fought its battles, governed its territories, served it in both houses of Congress, and represented it abroad—wears out, in frugal industry, his green old age, a plain Ohio farmer: his house, the very home of hospitality; his name, the refuge and the solace of the poor, the stranger and the orphan; his style, the noblest that is known to nature's heraldry, a patriot, and a patriarch!

It is a gusty day in March. Before the morning dawns, the Federal city is alive with men. It seems now full to overflowing; and yet every hour brings hundreds, thousands more. A cavalcade is formed. Bells ring, and cannons roar. Fair women, and brave men, throng every window of that noble Avenue. Not a State of the whole twenty six that is not represented in that long drawn line. It is the nation's Jubilee. All classes, all conditions, both sexes, every age, partake the general joy. A grave, plain man, arrayed in modest black, that rides, uncovered, on the steed, more conscious than himself of the occasion, is the magnet that attracts all eyes, and touches every heart. He reaches the Capitol. He ascends the steps. He stands, majestic in his meekness and simplicity, before the immeasurable

multitude, who have brought up with them the homage of the nation. The highest officer of Justice administers to him the most magnificent oath that ever rises up to heaven. And the youthful ensign, the gallant general, the laborious farmer, is PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

" One little month" has passed. It is a fitful April day. Again, the Federal city is astir. Cannons are heard: but these are minute guns. The bells peal out: but 'tis the funeral knell. The streets are thronged: but every face is sad, and every voice is still. Once more, a long procession passes down that noble Avenue: but yew and cypress take the place of nodding plumes, and muffled drums beat time to aching hearts. Again, that grave, plain man is there: no more erect and tall, the pillar of the State; but in his grave clothes, stretched upon the funeral Car. He enters not the gate, as when we last beheld him, to that glorious Capitol; but turns aside, to the still spot, where sleep the honoured dead: and "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," concludes the story and the scene. Never had man a funeral so sublime. Never, for Chieftain fallen, did a whole nation so pour out its heart. Was it not beautiful—and just as it was beautiful—that he, who, on that sleety day, began his public life, with pious rites for St. Clair's butchered host, should find himself such sepulchre?

Fellow citizens, is it not so that "truth is strange, stranger than fiction?" Can we yet realize that these things are? Does it not seem like some wild night-mare dream? Or, rather, like some deep, por-

tentous plot of the old Grecian drama, with range as wide, with themes as high, with incidents as various, with interest as thrilling; the same vicissitudes of fortune, the same procrastinated hopes, the same splendid attainment of the loftiest aim, and then, in one more moment, the same catastrophe and cruel crush of all? But surprise, amaze, and overwhelm us, as it may, it still is sadly so. The brave soldier, the wise statesman, the honest man, the patriot President, is taken from us, ere we yet had felt that he was ours: and we are met, to interchange our sympathies; and to comfort one another; and to draw from his life, and character, and services, and, chiefly, from this most striking incident of modern times, such lessons, both of patriotism and piety, as may serve to make us, if God bless them to our use, both better citizens and better men.

The promise of his life, so far as parentage and education were concerned, could scarcely have been better. His father, Benjamin Harrison, was among the immortal signers of the Declaration of American Independence, and a man distinguished among those distinguished men. In 1764, he had been one of the remonstrants against the odious Stamp Act. He was a member of the first Continental Congress, which met in 1774. He was one of the Committee to place the country in a posture of defence; one of the Committee to devise a plan for the support of the army; Chairman of the Committee whose agency secured the services of La Fayette and his companions; and, afterwards, a member of the Board of War. And, on the 10th of June, and 4th of July, 1776, he

was among the foremost in the consummation of that glorious deed, which made, of thirteen British Provinces, as many free and independent States; and laid, in this new world, the broad foundations of an empire, which will dishonour and betray its founders, and disappoint its destiny, if it be not the greatest, the most happy, and the most virtuous in the world. It was of such blood—show me the blood, and for the most part, I will tell you of the man!—and in such stirring times, that WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was born, at Berkley, on the James River, not far from Richmond, in Virginia, on the 9th day of February, 1773.[1] His birth was thus in the heroic age of the Republic; and the stern virtues, simple manners, and self-denying habits of "the times that tried mens' souls" moulded him, even from the cradle, for a patriot and hero. His father dying in his eighteenth year, while he was yet at Hampden Sidney College, the care of his education devolved upon his guardian, Robert Morris, the great Financier of the Revolution: and, with his permission, he

[1] General Harrison was not less happy in his bringing up than in his blood. After all, the mother has the making of the man. I am happy in being indebted to my esteemed neighbour and good friend, the Rev. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, for this notice of the mother of the President. It is taken from his sermon, in the city of Washington, on the Sunday after his decease; as published in "the New World."—"He was 'trained up in the way he should go,' by the example and instructions of maternal love. His mother (of the Bassett family,) wes a woman of piety and prayer. During the General's last visit to Virginia, he occupied his mother's apartments—the one in which he was born—and he took great interest in pointing out the closet to which she retired for private devotion, and the corner of the room where she sat by the table to read her Bible; and where she taught him on his knees to pray, 'Our Father which art in heaven!'"

repaired to Philadelphia, and commenced the study of medicine, under the care of Dr. Benjamin Rush; like Morris, a member of the great Congress of 1776, and signer of the Declaration of Independence. Thus was he brought up at Gamaliel's feet; and with such a training to bring out such blood, what wonder if we find him, at nineteen, his books forsaken for the sword, an ensign in the army, and engaged with Wayne, in that most desperate and most patriotic service, the rescue of the frontier states from the incursions of the Western Indians! From his first service of piety and patriotism, on St. Clair's fatal field, his path was ever that of duty and of honour. The next year, he was made Lieutenant, and soon after Aid to that incarnate spirit of indomitable bravery, Anthony Wayne; receiving more than once his never to be questioned attestation of devotion, skill, and gallantry. In 1775, at twenty-two, he was a Captain in command of an important frontier station, on the spot where now the city of Cincinnati stands; and Washington himself appointed him, at twenty-four, the Secretary of the North Western Territory, and *ex officio* its Lieutenant Governor. From that Territory he became, at barely twenty-five, its first Representative in Congress; and, though the youngest, one of the most effective members of that body; and, among other most important measures, carried through a bill by which the Public Lands were made accessible to purchasers of moderate means, the progress of improvement and of comfort accelerated infinitely, millions paid into the public treasury, and homes created for unnumbered millions, in the ages

yet to come, of happy Christian freemen. In 1801, at twenty-nine, he was appointed Territorial Governor of Indiana, and sole Commissioner for treaties with the Indians, with powers unlimited; and re-appointed, at the people's instance, thirteen times. On the 6th of November, 1811, as Governor of Indiana, and Commander-in-chief, he gained the important victory over the Indians, at Tippecanoe; a name, immortal now, as Marathon, or Monmouth, or New Orleans. In 1812, he was appointed, by President Madison, Commander-in-chief of the North Western army; encountering dangers, enduring hardships, and performing services which won for him from every quarter confidence and praise. In April, of the following year, he conducted the successful defence of Fort Meigs, against the British troops and Indians; and terminated it by a sortie, which, for its boldness of conception, and rapidity and energy of execution, ranks among the most distinguished acts of modern warfare. And, in October, he drove the enemy completely from the field in the decisive victory of the River Thames—"a victory," said Langdon Cheeves, Speaker of the House of Representatives, "such as would have secured to a Roman General, in the best days of the Republic, the honours of a triumph, and put an end to the war in Upper Canada." "The result," said President Madison, "is signally honourable to Major General Harrison, by whose military talents it was performed." "The blessings of thousands of women and children," says Governor Snyder of Pennsylvania, "rescued from the scalping knife of the ruthless savage of the wilder-

ness, rest on Harrison and his gallant army." His public life from this time was in civil stations. In 1814 and 1815, he discharged most honourable duties, as a Commissioner of Indian treaties. In 1816, he went to Congress, where he was a prominent and influential member. In 1819, he was elected to the Senate of Ohio, where he served for several years. In 1824, he took his seat in the Senate of the United States, and succeeded General Jackson, as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs; and from that station he was sent, in 1826, as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Republic of Colombia. Twelve years, from his recal, he spent in dignified retirement at North Bend, from which the people's will summoned him, by the electoral vote of nineteen states, to the Chief Magistracy of the Republic, to be the first of sixteen millions of free men: a station from which the present life permits of no promotion; and from which, therefore, by an *euthanasia*, more poetical than ever poet dreamed of, while yet the flush of triumph was upon his cheek, he was removed, to wait, in the serene asylum of the grave, the coming and the kingdom of his Lord.

I have felt that there was no need to dwell upon the history of President Harrison. His life, with all its incidents and issues, is familiar to your ears as "household words." Never, I believe, was any man so thoroughly well known to any people. From the year 1791, when he first entered the army, until the year 1829, when he came home from the Republic of Colombia, his life was wholly in the public service. And from 1835, to the present time, the eye

of the whole nation has been continually and intensely fixed upon him. He has been written of, spoken of and talked of; and, what makes more for thoroughness of scrutiny, he has been written against, spoken against, and talked against, through all that time. If ever the charge of being deficient in enthusiasm rested on us, as a nation, the year last past has wiped it off. There is no echo in this land that has not answered to the name of Harrison. He has been chanted in songs, and painted on banners, and engraven on medals, and woven into ribbons, and enamelled in vases. Not a deed of his that has not been discussed in Congress, and in the Legislature of every State, and at mass meetings from Maine to Georgia, and in the primary assemblies in every town. All his battles have been fought and fought again. The place where one of them occurred has been adopted as the name for gatherings in every city and in every village; and supplied a watchword that has gone abroad on every breeze. The place of his residence, the materials of his house, the least important of his daily habits, were taken up as countersigns, and set to music, and immortalized in song. It may be said, in short, without a figure, that his private life was as public as the sun. That, under such circumstances, and with such a trial, he should be chosen, by so large a vote, to the first office in the nation, is praise beyond all eulogy. It releases from all necessity, and it leaves but little opportunity, on an occasion such as this, to speak with much detail either of his life or character. A few of its more obvious traits, however, shall be noticed now; and this

will bring us to the lessons which this striking providence seems meant to teach us.

It never has been claimed for General Harrison that he was a man of brilliant parts. Neither was General Washington. Such men are showy, taking, often dangerous, seldom useful. Their splendour is the excess of some one quality; most generally, at the expense of others, quite as valuable. They give more light than heat; and are admired more than relied on. True greatness is the equipoise of parts. Shakspeare, the great philosopher of our humanity, has touched this truth with his own matchless skill.

> ——————— "the elements
> *So mix'd* in him, that nature might stand up,
> And say to all the world, This was a man!"

So it was, beyond all men of ancient or of modern times, with General Washington. And it was this well mixing of the elements that constituted General Harrison's greatness. He was, emphatically, A WELL BALANCED MAN. It was this which bore him up in all his different and weighty trusts, through an half century of public service—the Ensign of 19, the President of 68—and won for him his final triumph, and made him equal to that greatest of his trials, his success. It was this that carried him not only through the most unsparing canvassing that ever man endured; but all the while developed new energies of character, and inspired new claims to confidence. It was by this, that even the nick-name that was every where applied to him, on banners and in songs, and would have cheapened in the public estimation any other man, was dignified by its connexion with

his character, and became a title of affectionate respect. It is a superficial explanation of his unlooked-for and unparalleled success, to say, that "the hurrah" elected him. The greatest difficulty was not to catch, but to sustain, the popular gale. A craft that carried too much sail would have run under in it. Well built, well ballasted, well trimmed, it bore him straight to port.

To specify a few of the good elements that were "so mixed in him." He was a man of *clear, sound judgment.* This is every where apparent in his course of life. Hence, his selection, while so young, to such high trusts, by men so keen in their analysis of character; by Washington, by Jefferson, by Madison, by Quincy Adams. It is apparent in his outline of the principles by which a just administration of the Executive department should be governed, in his celebrated letter, in 1838, to Mr. Denny. And it was shewn, to take one great example, in the place of all that might be pointed out, in his selection of a Cabinet, at such a time, under such circumstances, of which, both as a whole, and as to its individual members, the nation has expressed unanimous, unqualified approval.

He had improved the native strength and soundness of his mind by *careful study and reflection.* "He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one." More practice with the sword and plough than with the pen exposed him, doubtless, to the criticism of using the materials, rather than the results, of scholarship. But, while there were those who charged the Inaugural with being pedantic, who, for their lives, could not

have told whether this ancient name, or that, on which he dwelt, with such high zest, were from the Greek or Roman history; there was this charm about his pedantry, that it proved clearly that the piece was his.

He was an eminently *practical man*. It must have been so; or he never would have exercised so well and wisely the office of Territorial Governor, so complicated and so arduous in its responsibilities, as to be re-appointed to it so often, and so long. That he was so, the great measures prove which he espoused and carried through, in his Congressional career. That he was so, his announcement of the principles of his administration clearly showed. And even more so, the alacrity with which, from his twelve years' retirement, at North Bend, he stepped at once, as if promoted from the Cabinet, into the duties of the Presidential office.

He was a man of *great directness*. He had no knowledge of stratagem and subterfuge. He went by the air-line to the object which he sought; and verified the saying of the Sultan Akbar, that "he never heard of any man being lost in a straight road." This was the secret of his great success in dealing with the Indians. He made not less than thirteen treaties with them: all securing their just rights, and all promoting the advantage of the government. A common view of things would seek to match the savage subtlety with cultivated cunning. There is no greater error. The *overmatch* for craft is honest, open dealing, universally. Your wily politician stands no chance with such a man as General Harrison. He

is thrown off the track at once. It is what the Scrip ture saith, "He taketh the wise in their own craftiness."

He was an *honest man.* What mines of wealth were opened to him, in his long connexion with the public lands, and in his dealings with the Indians, those hapless victims of the cupidity of agents! And yet, he lived poor, and he died poor. He held his offices for service, not for spoils.

He was a *zealous man.* In this way, he made up for shining talents. What he undertook, he did. He gave himself to do it. He spared no time, no pains. This you see in all his course. Especially, in the prosecution of the leading measures, which he undertook in Congress; the Land bill, the Militia system, the Revolutionary pensions, the free governments of South America. This he showed, in his short month, in his devotion to the Presidential duties.

He was a *kind and generous man.* His house was filled with widows and with orphans. He had a seat by his cheerful hearth, a plate at his simple board, for every passer-by that needed fire or food. He was the liberal patron of all public enterprises, for the promotion of learning and religion: and the habit of his private hospitality was well expressed, in the long latch-string, that hung down, in every model, and in every picture, from his cabin door; and never was pulled in. This was the secret of his universal popularity. The kindness, that was glowing in his heart, beamed from his countenance. He was felt to be, because in truth he was, the friend of all. And, in his few short weeks at Washington, he

had conciliated, by the frankness of his manners, his modesty, simplicity, and friendliness, the affectionate respect of all of every class in the community.

In one word, and to sum up all, he was a CHRISTIAN PATRIOT. He entered not upon his high and holy trust for God and man, without making this explicit declaration of his faith in Jesus Christ: "I deem the present occasion sufficiently important and solemn to justify me in expressing to my fellow citizens, a profound reverence for the Christian Religion, and a thorough conviction, that sound morals, religious liberty, and a just sense of religious responsibility, are essentially connected with all true and lasting happiness; and to that good Being, who has blessed us by the gifts of civil and religious freedom; who watched over and prospered the labors of our Fathers; and has hitherto preserved to us institutions far exceeding in excellence those of any other people, let us unite, in fervently commending every interest of our beloved country in all future time." He bought that day—an act of beautiful and simple piety!—a Bible and a Prayer Book; as if he would begin anew, in his new station, the sacred offices by which his life had been consoled and consecrated. He daily read, not without prayer, the holy word of God. He constantly repaired, for public worship, to the house of prayer. He prostrated himself, on bended knee, in the assembly of the faithful. He had resolved,[1] even on the next Lord's day that followed

[1] This is stated by his Pastor, the Rev. William Hawley, Rector of St. John's Church, Washington city, who was with him through his sickness, and closed his eyes.

the commencement of that fatal sickness, to present himself, his soul and body, a living sacrifice, before the altar of his crucified Redeemer. And with those latest words—delirious, if you will, but proving still the ruling passion strong in death—"SIR, I WISH YOU TO UNDERSTAND THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF THE GOVERNMENT: I WISH THEM CARRIED OUT: I ASK NOTHING MORE"—words, as well suited to his illustrious successor, as they were worthy of himself—he died, as he had lived, a Christian and a Patriot.

And he is dead! He, that so lately was in every mouth, the theme of praise or blame, has gone beyond the reach of both! He, for whose elevation to the Presidential chair, all business was suspended, all interests seemed tame, the very stream of life stood still, or rolled with torrent fulness in his wake, to sit there, but one little month! He, whose accession to the post of highest honour in the nation's gift was hailed, as the commencement of a new and brighter age—business to be revived, and confidence restored, and peace and plenty and prosperity increased and multiplied; he, to whom every eye was turned, and on whose look such thousands hung, now lies, alone and still, the tenant of a cold and narrow tomb! Oh! what a lesson, if men would but learn, of the uncertainty of all terrestrial things! Oh! what a lesson, if men would but learn, of the utter worthlessness of human calculations! Oh! what a lesson, if men would but learn, that whatever men desire, design, or do, "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

Fellow citizens, is it not true that we have needed such a lesson? Has not our day of unexampled sun-

shine made us forgetful that a cloud could lower, or that a storm could break? Instead of leading us to penitence, as the Apostle tells us that it should, has not the heavenly goodness been abused to rank licentiousness, impenitence and unbelief? Were we not fast becoming a worldly, sensual, godless nation? I design not now to enumerate or to reprove the mass of national or of individual vices. I confine myself to but one aspect. I ask your attention to but one single point. Will you not all admit, that the great strife, which agitated the whole nation, like a stormy sea, the ground-swell not yet over, was entered into, and conducted, and the issue welcomed, in forgetfulness of God; in utter and mistaken confidence in human wisdom, human power, and human worth? As the great contest drew towards its crisis, did not all ears, all eyes, all hearts intensely fix themselves on the report, as it was borne from state to state; as if the election of this candidate, or that, involved all fears, all hopes, all destinies; and God were not in heaven? But, "be the people never so unquiet," God is there. "The shields of the earth belong to Him." And, "cursed be the man that maketh flesh his arm," however long his justice may delay the sentence, will be asserted, in terrific vengeance, upon every nation, and upon every individual. It becomes us, then, to bow, in all humility, before the astounding stroke. To read, in that brief sway of the most noble empire that is lighted by the sun, the feebleness of human power; in this unlooked for disappointment of the wisest plans, the fairest prospects, and the loftiest hopes, the blindness of all hu-

man wisdom; in the rude shock, which makes the land to tremble, and all faces gather blackness, the resistless sovereignty of God. Forever blessed be his name, that, as his wrath is slow, and destruction his "strange work," so he is quick in mercy, and unbounded in his tenderness, to them that turn to him with tears and prayers! "At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation, and concerning a kingdom, to pluck up and to pull down, and to destroy it, if that nation against whom I pronounced, turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them." May it be, my fellow citizens, that we, roused by this voice of warning, may so turn from our evil ways, that God, propitiated to us by the intercession of his Son, may turn to us again, and bless us as a nation! Such as the individuals are, such the community must be. The work is in our individual hands. The cure is in our individual hearts. The blessing is for us, our children, and our children's children—peace, plenty and prosperity, the nation's heritage, as it has been so long; and peace with God, and everlasting life, assured to all, through Christ, who take the Lord to be their God.

The present sad solemnity should lead us to review the mercies which, as a nation, have been showered upon us; and to gather, even from its most mournful aspects, wholesome lessons for the future. There have been completed thirteen Presidential terms; nine times the people's voice has summoned one of their own number to the loftiest station which a freeman can be called to fill; and never before has the divine decree set aside their suffrages. When

we consider, that maturity of age, ripeness of wisdom, hoarded treasures of experience, are among the most immediate qualifications for the office, and that he who fills it bears a weight of duty and responsibility as great as man can bear, this must be owned a merciful and gracious Providence. Had we not come almost to lose the thought of the Chief Magistrate's mortality? Was there not danger, lest we quite neglect the best employment of that wise provision which the Constitution makes for this contingency? Was the consideration that he might be called to exercise the first, a leading thought in our selection of the citizen to hold the second, office in our government? Was it not needful that the nation should be roused to its responsibilities? Was it not time that we were taught, by such a lesson as would speak, with trumpet tongue, to every heart, the rashness of our confidence, our carelessness of what the future might bring forth? And what a trumpet voice it is! A month, between the pinnacle of human fame and the cold grave! A month, between the high flood-tide of power and influence, with men, not only, but with nations, and the dust of death! Fellow citizens, is not the touching sentiment of Edmund Burke forced home upon our hearts, "What shadows we are; and what shadows we pursue!"

Short as the period was of General Harrison's administration, it has sufficed for useful lessons, and for signal benefits. Is it not a beautiful and most impressive lesson, and full of hope—let us not yield to the temptation, to say, pride—for our republican institutions, to see a private citizen, a simple farmer,

a man without an hour of service in the Cabinet, called by a nation's voice, from the secluded shades of rural life, to take his place among the proudest princes of the earth: and to see him take it, with an assurance to our hearts of skill, and self-possession, and effective energy, which gives us perfect confidence that all our interests are safe; no shadow of a doubt, that our true honour, as a nation, is secure; no moment's apprehension, that our glorious Constitution will be guarded, even to a letter! And, when one little month has laid the nation's choice in the still grave,—without a shock, without a struggle, without one tremulous vibration of the great machine,—to see its destinies transferred to other hands! A plain Virginia citizen, called, at an instant, from his fields, or from his books; the helm of government assumed as firmly, yet as modestly and quietly, as if he had but entered, at his father's death, upon the old homestead farm; and the great ship, in which our destinies are all embarked, ploughing her gallant way, as proudly, and as peacefully, beneath that glorious banner of the stars and stripes, as if no cloud of change had passed across the sky! Fellow citizens, this is a new and searching trial of our institutions: provided for, indeed, by the deep wisdom of our fathers, but never called in action until now. To my mind, the experiment is full of hope and promise. It appeals to every generous sentiment. It challenges our utmost confidence, as citizens and men. Let it not be our fault, if this unheard of crisis in our government does not approve us, before all nations, what we claim to be, a people who are sove-

reigns! Let all our efforts be exerted, let all our prayers be offered, that the nation's second choice may fill the measure of our highest expectation from their first!

There is one benefit from General Harrison's administration, of which no doubtfulness is possible; his clear, distinct, and manly determination to serve, under no possible circumstances, a second term. Let it be, that the Constitution does not forbid it. Let it be, that precedents in our past history have run the other way. Still, the temptation—let us honestly confess it!—is too great for mortal man; and if the illustrious authority of Harrison, now consecrated to us by the touch of death, shall be adopted, his brief possession of the power of the Executive may be fruitful of blessings, which the faithful exercise of its full period had perhaps failed to bring us.

Fellow citizens, there is one lesson taught us by this mournful dispensation, of inestimable value; the lesson, that, as citizens of the United States, we ALL ARE ONE. We have too much forgotten it. The strife of conflicting parties has gone too far. We have been tempted to lose sight of the precious trust committed to us, as freemen, by the great Arbiter of nations, in our devotion to the men or measures, which are but instruments for its promotion. We had come to look upon the settlement of that greatest question which ever comes before us, not as it tended to the national interest and honour, but as it made for *our* success, and for the triumph of *our* party. I deny not, that on all sides, honest purposes might lead to this result. I claim not, that a measure of it is not

inseparable from our free institutions; and, in moderation, necessary to preserve their freedom. But I do say, that the evil has by far outrun the good. I do say, that the end has been lost sight of in the means. I do say, that private courtesy, social regards and Christian charity have been disregarded, in the chase for power and office. I do say, that the very foundations of the republic have been shaken; and the glory clouded, that should ever rest upon the citadel of freedom. God has reproved us from his throne. The flap of the death-angel's wing has passed before all faces. And, in an instant, the nation's head has crumbled into dust! It still is true—bad as the world is!—it still is true, thank God! that "sorrow is a sacred thing!" At this affecting spectacle of mortality, hearts soften, eyes are moistened, hands are clasped. We own, as one great family, the common loss. We bend, as brethren all, beside our father's grave. Let us accept the omen, fellow citizens! Let us own, and act upon, its lesson! Let us no more forget our common country, our common Constitution, our common heritage of freedom, and the warm blood, on Bunker Hill, at Monmouth and at Yorktown, that made it common to us all! Honest differences we must entertain. Honest preferences we must avow. But let all differences be merged, let all preferences be yielded, in the great cause which makes, and keeps us, freemen. Never let us forget the patriot grief, that, as on this day, bows the hearts of this whole nation, as one man. And, when the day of trial comes again, and we are tempted to forget our brotherhood of freedom, and

the debt we owe to her, who is the mother of us all; let us still hear the voice, which, from that patriot grave, speaks to our hearts, "Sirs, ye are brethren; why do ye wrong one to another?"

Fellow citizens, have we not all felt, was it in nature not to feel, that, in the death of our Chief Magistrate, death has come near us all? But he *will* come nearer yet. He *will* come—when, God knows!—to me, to every one of you. And, should he come to-night, should we be ready to go forth and meet him? Ah, my dear brethren, talk as we may, and as we must, of other thoughts, and other themes, this is the trial question for us all. And I should ill become my office, and ill express the love which warms my heart for you, and ill discharge the trust with which the kindness of your honoured representatives has honoured me, did I not bid you, in my Master's name, to go, and make your peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord; and, in all holiness and righteousness of life, to wait, henceforth, His coming and His kingdom!

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy finger cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

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